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ABSTRACT

This workshop kit contains a class discussion story and a workbook for teachers and students. It is intended to promote self-expression in a nonthreatening, friendly environment using reading, writing, drawing, and performing, all based on interpretation versus imitation. The story, "Once Upon a Bully," describes a potentially terrifying confrontation through the eyes of the weaker child. The kit includes a series of crucial questions that are deliberately left unanswered so that readers can inject their own personal interpretations and rewrite the story from their own perspectives. Additional tools in the visual and writing arts are provided to guide users in their self-expression. They include drawing out ideas, writing thoughts using poetry, and performing skits from stories. (SM)

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ED 471 235

"Once Upon a Bully": A Class Discussion Story and Workbook for Teachers and Students

John Albert Ironfield

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Once Upon A Bully

by Trenton R.

A Class Discussion Story and Workbook

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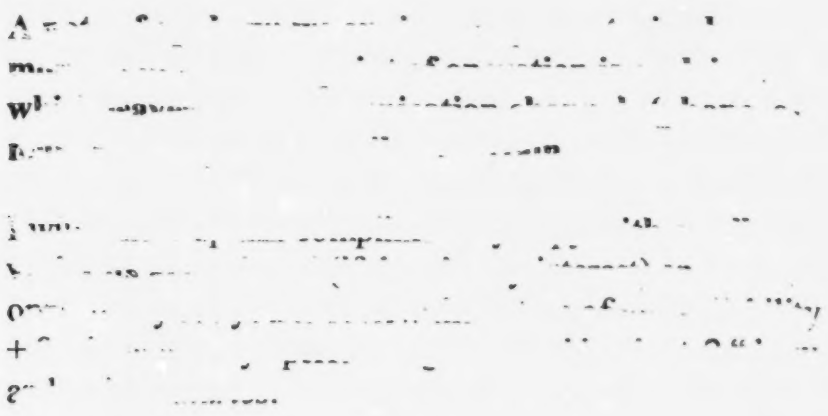
3: *"Once Upon A Bully"*

by Trenton R.

A Class Discussion Story-*Workbook*

Please review this enclosed, complimentary copy of ***Once Upon A Bully***. In addition to the issues raised in the workbook segment, the book may be useful in language analysis (content, usage, organization, vocabulary, and intent). It may fit into your **Social Awareness** efforts.



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Hello!

Our class was given a writing project. This is what I wrote.

When you are done reading my story, think about putting your thoughts on the pages that follow my story.

Take your time. You might want to think about the questions before you answer them.

I may write another one. Words are *forever*.

- *Trenton R.*

Once Upon A Bully

by Trenton R.

Let me introduce myself; my name is Trenton, and I am a 4th grader at Mannrasrrapt Elementary School. My height (barefoot) is 4 feet, 1 and ½ inches. My weight is a little under 81 pounds. Windy days make walking in wide-open areas difficult.

All my school years have been pretty peaceful, because my clothes aren't flashy and my looks are plain. I blend into the background like a brown sparrow in a flock. Teachers never call on me because the kid sitting in front of me usually blocks me out completely. The only noises that come from me are quiet coughing spells from my asthma. There is one claim I lay to fame, though.

I love words.

The reason I love words is because of what they represent. They are symbols. So, when I hear or see or read a word, I trip out trying to get a picture of it in my head. Some words take longer to get a handle on than others. Take the word "delicious" for example. It brings up something bubbly in a frying pan. You can just see those little bubbles of sizzling butter (or grease) "*ish-is-ly*" jumping around an egg or a slice of bacon. But, if you take the word "stub", you think of your toe hitting a rock, or a real short pencil.

Words that give me exciting mind-pictures are the best. I could go on forever about words, but that's not why I am writing this essay. This essay is about how my love of words nearly caused me to stop having a head to picture them in! It's about how I jumped from being unknown to being so well known that I'll probably be remembered better than **E.T.**! I am going to tell you how *once upon a time I met a bully.*

Enter "Lipton". Yes, that's really his name, just like the tea. He was a 6th grader at my school. Lipton was at least 5 feet, 8 inches tall, and weighed maybe... 150 pounds. And he wasn't fat, either! Big, yes... but not fat. His eyes seemed to have too much eyebrow for a kid- they looked like little awnings over dark, round windows. They gave him a real "owly" look. This dude was one very efficient bully. So far I had managed to never be in his path. But that changed; and it happened right in front of the whole school, with no place to run, and no place to hide.

My life changed forever during an assembly in the gym on ***Young Author's Day***!

Before I go on, you need to know something about Lipton. He was very smart about how he teased people. I mean bullied them! He never got caught. He could be standing right next to you with teachers all around, give you a solid punch, and keep a smile as wide as the grill on a car. You need to remember that.

Now, back to the gym and ***Young Author's Day***, the day my life (as I knew it) changed forever.

We have school assemblies when the principal thinks our minds need some uplifting. Sometimes, the whole school goes. We sit by grades on the floor of the gym "Indian style". After 10 minutes, our legs have gone to sleep. If there was a fire drill, we'd all need wheelchairs.

The 4th, 5th, and 6th grades were usually bunched together for the "older kids assembly". That means I had the 5th grade between me and *you know who*. But today the 5th was late and the 6th grade filed in. You guessed it- I was sitting by Lipton!

His owly eyes were trained on me. He never said anything to those he zeroed in on; he just gave them that owly stare. As Lipton was cocking his arm to strike, the principal introduced the speaker. We all brought pencils, paper, and a clipboard; we were going to "draw along" with him.

Lipton was ready to release his punch! I wasn't going to take this sitting down. I jumped to my feet and Lipton jumped a split second after I did. At that exact moment the speaker said, "I need two volunteers to do the cartoonist's *warm up exercises*."

He looked at Lipton and me, standing up like two palm trees on a desert of flat sand. "Come on down!" he bellowed as though he was Monty Hall on The Price Is Right! Lipton let his arm sag down as we walked to the front. Every kid knew that I was marked, and that it was "just a matter of time". I could feel a trickle of cold sweat down my back.

The speaker (he called himself the "Pencilman") had us do stupid hand and finger movements to music with a "thump, thump, thump" beat. We messed up and couldn't help but laugh at ourselves; everyone else did, too.

At least (for now) it took Lipton's mind off me. After making fools of ourselves in front of the whole school, we were told to go back to our places, and draw along. As we sat down, Lipton turned to me and said, "Soon word-boy, soon." That he even spoke of my coming doom made me fear all the worse.

Then something very weird happened. Everyone's attention became focused on the Pencilman. Even Lipton's! The Pencilman said, "Once upon a time..." and began to draw and play music (on an audio tape). The music was beautiful! It created mind pictures more wonderful than any of my favorite words. Everyone (and that included Lipton) was now drawing along with him, step by step.

I knew I was entering a new and mysterious world. The music, drawing, and story all formed one symbol, one mind picture. We weren't cramped side by side on a hard floor. We were now inside of ourselves, each of us living what we heard, saw, felt, and drew.

Every kid in the gym seemed to be doing "slow motion aerobics". Our heads would all look up, watch the shape he drew, then look down and draw our own. He stressed that ours wouldn't be just like his. "We weren't *copying*, we were *interpreting,*" he said.

Teachers positioned around us for "behavior control" had no job to do. Some of them (but not all) were drawing along, too.

When I began this essay (which was an assignment), I said I was good with words and that I "lived" for my mind pictures. But, this was different; it was a path I'd never walked before.

The intriguing music, his process of easy drawing steps, and the story, all folded into a world so real- yet so imaginary. I couldn't find the words to describe it to you. All I knew was that this new world was inside of me, everywhere.

The first character drawn was a dog. It was the saddest dog I've ever seen. The dog's story was heart breaking! It told how the dog started out in the bottom of the sea where it tried to help some other creatures. The dog ended up digging and clawing his way to freedom in the world above the sea. There, the dog ran into even harsher elements. Shortly after that, the turning point of my life happened!

The picture was almost completed. The music slowed to a "tinkling" piano. The Pencilman drew a tear in the dog's eye and the sound of deep chords from a grand piano shook across the gym, saturating all of us. That's when the dam burst!

Every emotion I had welled up inside of me like a tidal wave. I was crying. I was really embarrassed.

Pretending to use my hanky to blow my nose, I wiped away a few tears. As I looked around , I gasped. Almost everybody was crying. Then I looked at Lipton.

Just as I turned to him, he turned to me. We both had tears. He looked at me as though I was a mirror. I know he saw me, but he used me as a reflection, to see himself. I got the feeling we were the only two people in the gym. Everyone disappeared.

We didn't stare, we just "looked" at each other. The tidal wave had hit Lipton, too.

After a time (I couldn't tell you how long) we both blinked. As if called, we looked back to the giant easel where the dog was drawn. The music feathered into a soft fantasy, and slowly trailed off. This story and drawing was over.

Two more would follow. Between each "segment" we could stand up and stretch. Those were the best breaks I ever had. I had been "pardoned". In fact the whole school had been pardoned. Then I realized, the whole world had been pardoned.

The assembly lasted 55 minutes. We all stood up and fell over each other trying to get our legs back. I inched my way to talk to the Pencilman. There was a long line of kids wanting to get his autograph. I waited to be the last one. By the time my turn came, he was sitting down. He looked old, like he had just lived through all the stories he had told. Maybe he did. He looked tired.

"Hi, I'm Trenton. May I have your autograph?" I offered him my picture of the sad dog I had drawn. "Put it on the front, please," I asked him.

He took my paper, pulled a chair from behind his "A" frame easel and sat down. He used a thick pencil to sign his name, the kind carpenters use. He had used it to shade in the dog's paws, ear, and "patches". (That dog had had a rough road!) The Pencilman didn't say a word. He just handed me my signed drawing.

"I wish I could draw like that," I said. Then he reached up and handed me two of the big drawings he'd done. He kept the third one.

"You keep one and give one to your friend. Thank him for being one of my volunteers," the Pencilman said. Then he reached to a shelf in his easel and handed me a book. It was called "The Owl and the Tree".

"4th graders line up!" came a voice I knew only too well. By the time I reached my class, most of them had filed out of the gym heading to our room.

When I looked back, he was all alone and unplugging his sound system.

I don't think he heard my "goodbye".

****

Epilogue One

Things changed at Mannrasrrapt Elementary School!

I was now known as the "boy who changed Lipton"! Word had spread that I cast some sort of spell over him when we looked at each other during that "tear thing". I guess those around us were watching after all. How did Lipton change? To answer that, we have to go back to that "book".

It showed how to draw (step by step) with story parts at each "panel" (drawing step). There was a place to write your own story, too. Finally, there was a *challenge*.

Perform the book!

You could use your own story, or the one in the book. At the end of the book were bookmarks (pictures of the book's characters) that you could cut out. I glued some of them to my folder.

After my teacher saw it, she asked, "Trenton, would you like to perform for our class?" Worlds of pictures raced through my head.

"YES, YES, YES!" was my immediate reply.

Word spread, other teachers heard, and all the kids responded. Especially Lipton!

Epilogue Two

I don't remember the exact order of events from the assembly to the point where all the kids were clamoring to do a show for their classes. The teachers jumped on it, too. Everyone wanted to draw and tell a story; some wanted to do it as a team (one or two draw, one or two tell the story). Sometimes more speaking parts were added and it became quite a group thing- like a play.

However... first they had to *write* their story. That meant WORDS! Since that was my claim to fame around school (even the teachers got wind of it), I was given a really great job. I got to pick the new words for classes to use in their stories. Of course, some of the teachers advised me on "vocabulary" (school standards and all)- but I was their "main man". They said I had my "ear to the ground", so to speak. The Principal was ecstatic!

Why was our principal on top of the world? Because our test scores skyrocketed! With this new excitement about writing, reading, and speaking, "doing it right" made sense. Correcting each other's grammar on the playground became a game. That was weird!

Now, back to the "shows". Each class was rewarded by having a daily presentation from someone (or team) from their class. At the end of each month there was a school-wide contest in the gym; everyone got a chance. Yes, things changed!

Did Lipton? You probably thought I'd forgotten about him. Not Hardly! Let me tell you what happened as I passed by his room one day (it's just down the hall from mine).

Part of my new responsibilities was to distribute word lists. Since the assembly where we'd learned three characters (plus the ones from my book), the kids started to make up their own. They made up both new characters and stories to go with them. They even wrote in parts of History that we were studying. That got wild!

Returning to my room, I walked by Lipton's open door. I heard his voice. He was about to "perform". I peeked around the door and saw he was going to draw the sad dog. I snapped my head back and just stood there, leaning against the frame. And I listened.

Lipton's voice was a new addition to the school. Up to this time he'd spoken very little. He was all "action" and no words. This was an inspiring change. His voice seemed to be coming from far away, like he was standing on top of a mountain and you were down in a valley. You could hear his voice plainly, though, and it was soft.

His story was riveting! Every eye and every ear of the class was locked on to this 5 foot, 8 inch, 150 pound "mini-giant". All that lived was his spoken word and his hand, drawing. Really, every ear and eye, every mind and heart was in that mirror he saw in me that day in the gym. So were mine.

Epilogue Three

I like the word "epilogue" or "after write". There are two reasons: first because it gives me a chance to add on some ideas, and second, because of the way it sounds (like a small flipper-animal swimming in a quiet pond). That's why I use them. This is my last one.

Three months after the Pencilman came to our school (he came on the 4th of October), everyone decided to write "thank you" cards with drawings. Each class gave a thick manila envelope to the office. Our principal mailed them to him.

A week later, our school received a package.

The package contained seven new "drawing-books" (with all new characters and stories), all of our "thank you-drawings", and a note: the Pencilman had died.

****

My name is Trenton. I am a 4th grader at Mannrasrrapt Elementary School. Even though a strong wind could blow me over, ***I have the weight of my words!***

Words live forever!

Yours Thoughts, Please

(You can use the blank sides, too!)

My Sad Dog

Describe what you think Trenton looked like?

Write the story you think Lipton told when he drew the sad dog:

What is the world of the mirror?

Describe the "tidal wave":

What characters would you add to this story?

Would you like to re-write this story or do your own? Go ahead and do it!

Did we miss some good ideas? Jot them down here:

Well, I guess it's time to say goodbye.

Thank you for reading my story. I've almost got the next one ready called "Timmy".

It's about my hamster.

Thanks again!

Your friend,

Trenton R.

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offers
An Interactive Program

to
The Challenge

of
Bullying

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Mirror, mirror
of the deep,
Grant me peace
when I sleep
May I feel
without rejection,
What I see
in my reflection.

A Program

that integrates
Writing and Drawing

with
Reading and Performing

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Once Upon A Bully

A class-discussion story followed by a work-book for teachers and students.

The goal of this experience is to elicit from the user an understanding/clarification from with in, notwithstanding the necessity of its external infusion.

Contents:

1. The story Once Upon A Bully: a short story of a (potentially) terrifying confrontation- seen through the eyes of the weaker child,
2. A series of crucial questions (deliberately) left unanswered so that the reader injects their own personal interpretation- effectively re-writing the story in their own "light",
3. Additional tools in the visual and writing arts to guide the user in their journey of self expression.

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Once Upon A Bully

by Trenton R.

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The reason I love words is because of what they represent. They are *symbols*. So, when I hear or see or read a word, I trip out getting a picture of it in my head. Some words take longer to get a "handle" on than others.

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Take the word "delicious" for example. It brings up something bubbly in a frying pan. You can just see those little bubbles of sizzling butter (or grease) "ish-is-ly" jumping around an egg or a slice of bacon. If you take the word "stub", you think of your toe hitting a rock or a real short pencil.

Both are good at giving me my "mind pictures", but the exciting words are the best- those that make me "work". I could go on for-ever about words, but that's not why I'm writing this paper. This essay is about how my love of words nearly caused me to stop having a head to picture them in! It's about how I jumped from being unknown to being so well known that I'll probably be remembered better than **E.T.** (at my school, anyway)! I am going to tell you how *Once Upon A Time I Met A Bully*!

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We have school assemblies when they think our minds need some uplifting. Sometimes the whole school goes. We sit by grades on the floor of the gym "Indian style". After 10 minutes our legs have gone to sleep. If there was a fire drill we'd all need wheel chairs!

The 4th, 5th, and 6th grades were usually bunched together for the "older kids assembly". That means I usually had the 5th grade "cover" between me and you know who! But today the 5th grade was late and the 6th grade filed in. You guessed it- I was sitting by Lipton. His eyes were trained on me. He never said anything to those he "zeroed in" on: he just gave them that owly stare. As Lipton was cocking his arm to strike, our principal was introducing the speaker. We all brought pencils, paper, and a clipboard; we were going to "draw-along" with him.

Lipton was ready to release his punch! I wasn't going to take this sitting down. I jumped to my feet and Lipton jumped a split second after I did.

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At that exact moment the speaker said, "I need two volunteers to do the cartoonist's warm-up exercises!" He looked at Lipton and me, standing up like two palm trees on a desert of flat sand.

"Come on down!" he bellowed as though he was Monty Hall on the ***Price Is Right***, or something. Lipton let his arm sag down as we walked up to the front. Every kid in the gym knew that I was a marked man and that it was "just a matter of time". I could feel a trickle of cold sweat down my back.

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The speaker (he called himself "The Pencilman") had us do some stupid finger movements to music with a "thump, thump, thump" beat. We messed up and couldn't help but laugh at ourselves. Everyone else did too. At least (for now) Lipton's mind was off me. After making fools of ourselves in front of everyone, he told us to go back to our places and draw along. As we sat down Lipton turned to me, and said, "Soon, word-boy, soon." That he spoke of my upcoming doom made me fear all the more.

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Then something weird happened. Everyone's attention became focused on The Pencilman. Even Lipton's! The Pencilman said, "Once upon a time..." and began to draw and play music (from an audio tape); we all began to draw. The music was beautiful! It created mind pictures more wonderful that any of my favorite words. Everyone (and that included Lipton) was now drawing along with him, step by step.

I knew I was entering a new and mysterious world. The music, drawing, and story all formed one symbol to me, one mind picture. We weren't cramped side by side on hard floor. We were now inside of ourselves, each of us living what we heard, saw, felt, and drew.

Every kid in the gym seemed to be doing "slow-motion aerobics". Our heads would all look up, watch the shape he drew, then look down and draw our own. He stressed that ours wouldn't be just like his; they'd be different. "And that was good," he said, "because we weren't copying, we were *interpreting*!" Teachers positioned around us for "behavior control" had nothing to do. Some of them (but not all) were drawing along, too.

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When I began this essay, I said I was good with words- that I lived for my mind pictures. But this was different; it was a path I'd never walked before.

The intriguing music, his process of easy drawing steps, and the story, all blended into a world so real- yet so imaginary. I couldn't find the words to describe it to you. All I knew was that this new world was inside of me... everywhere.

The first character drawn was a dog- the very saddest dog I have ever seen. The dog's story was heartbreaking. It told how the dog started out on the sea-floor where it tried to help other creatures who had fallen into a hole in the bottom of the sea. No one would let the dog help them so he went out on his own, clawing and digging his way to freedom in the world above the sea. There, the dog ran into even harsher elements of loneliness. Shortly after that, the turning point of my life happened!

The picture was almost completed. The music slowed to a "tinkling piano". The Pencilman drew a tear in the dog's eye as the sound of deep chords from a grand piano shook across the gym.

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The sound saturated all of us. That's when the dam burst! Every emotion I had welled up inside of me came like a tidal wave! I was crying. I was really embarrassed.

Pretending to use my hanky to blow my nose, I wiped away a few tears. As I looked around, I gasped. Almost everyone was crying, too. Then I looked at Lipton.

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Just as I turned to him, he turned to me. We both had tears. He looked at me as though I were a mirror. I know he saw me, but he seemed to use me as a reflection, to see himself. I got the feeling we were the only two people in the gym. Everyone else had disappeared.

We didn't stare at each other, we just looked. The tidal wave had hit Lipton, too.

After a time (I couldn't tell you how long) we both blinked. As if called, we looked back to the giant easel where the dog was drawn. The music had feathered into a soft fantasy, then trailed off into silence. This story and drawing was over.

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I realized I had been "pardoned". In fact the whole school had been pardoned. Then I realized the whole world had been pardoned.

Two more would follow. Between each "segment" we could stand up and stretch. Those were the best breaks I ever had- I felt like a pretzel.

The assembly lasted about 55 minutes. We all stood up and fell over each other trying to get our legs back, even with the breaks. I inched my way to talk to The Pencilman. There was a long line waiting to get his autograph. I waited to be the last one. By the time my turn came, he was sitting down.

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When I saw him up close, he looked old, like he had just lived through all those stories he had told. Maybe he did. He looked tired.

"Hi... I'm Trenton. May I have your autograph?" I offered him my picture of the sad dog. "Put it on the front, please," I asked him.

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He took my paper, and reached to the back of his "A-frame" easel. He brought out another, sharper pencil- a thick one like the carpenters use. He had used them to shade in the dog's paws, ear, and "patches" (that dog had had a rough road!). The Pencilman didn't say a word. He just handed me my signed drawing.

"I wish I could draw like that," I said. Then he reached up and handed me two of the big drawings he'd done. He kept the third one.

"You keep one and give the other to your friend. Thank him for being one of my volunteers," said The Pencilman. Then he handed me a book. It was called "The Owl and the Tree".

"4th graders line up!" came a voice I knew only too well.

By the time I reached my class, most of them had filed out of the gym, heading to our room.

When I looked back, The Pencilman was all alone, unplugging his sound system.

I don't think he heard my "goodbye".

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Epilogue One

Things changed at Mannrasrrapt Elementary School!

I was now known as the "boy who changed Lipton"! Word had spread that I cast some sort of spell over him when we looked at each other during that "tear thing". I guess those around us were watching after all. How did Lipton Change? To answer that we have to go back to "that book", ***The Owl and the Tree***.

It showed how to draw (step by step) with story parts at each panel (drawing step). At the back there was a place to write your own story. And...there was a **challenge**!

Perform the book! (Just like The Pencilman did.) A section called "performing pointers" broke the story down into mini-acts with the character's words put down like a script. You could use your own story, or the one in the book.

There were even some bookmarks of the characters to cut out. I glued some of them to my folder.

After my teacher saw the book she asked, "Trenton, would you

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like to perform for our class?" Worlds of pictures from a story I could write raced through my head.

"YES, YES, YES!" was my immediate reply.

Word spread, other teachers heard, and all the kids responded. Especially... Lipton!

Epilogue Two

I don't remember the exact order of events from the assembly to the point where all of the kids were clamoring to do a show for their classes. The teachers sure jumped on it, though. Everybody wanted a chance to "draw and talk"; some did it as a team (one or two draw, one or two tell the story). Sometimes more speaking parts were added and it became a "group thing", like a play.

But... first they had to *write* their story. That meant WORDS! And since that was my claim to fame around school (even the teachers

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got wind of it), I was given a really neat job. I got to pick the new words for classes to use in their stories. Plus it was "my" book that got the whole thing started.

The teachers advised me on "vocabulary" (school standards and All), but I was their main man. They said I had my "ear to the ground", so to speak.

Our Principal was ecstatic!

Why was the principal on top of the world? Because our test scores skyrocketed! With this new excitement of being "up in front" with writing, reading, and speaking, the kids realized doing it right made sense. On the playground correcting each other's "grammar" became a game. That was weird!

Now, back to "the shows". Each class was rewarded by having a daily presentation from someone (or team) from their class. At the and of each month there was a school wide "talent show" in the gym; everyone got a chance.

Yes... ***things changed***!

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Did Lipton?

You probably thought I'd forgotten about him. Not hardly! Let me me tell you what happened as I passed by his room one day (it's just down the hall from mine).

Part of my new responsibilities was to distribute word lists. Since the assembly where we'd learned three characters (plus the ones from my book), the kids started making up both new characters as well as the stories to go with them. They even wrote in parts of History they were studying. That got wild!

Returning to my room, I walked by Lipton's open door. I heard his voice; he was about to "perform". Peeking around the door, I saw that he was going to draw the sad dog. I snapped my head back and just stood there, leaning against the frame. And I listened.

Lipton's voice was a new addition to the school. Up to this time he'd spoken very little. He was all "action" and no words. This was an inspiring change. His voice seemed to be coming from far away, as though he was standing on top of a mountain, and you were

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down in a valley. You could hear his voice plainly, though, and it was soft.

His story was riveting! Every eye and every ear of the class was locked onto this 5-foot/8-inch, 150-pound "mini-giant". All that lived was his spoken word, and his hand drawing. Really, every eye and ear, mind and heart was with him in the mirror he saw me through that day in the gym. So were mine.

Epilogue Three

I like the word "epilogue" or "after write". There are two reasons: first, is because it gives me a chance to add on some ideas, and the second is because of the way it sounds (like a small flipper-like animal swimming in a quiet pond). That's why I use them. This is my last one.

Three months after The Pencilman came to our school (he came on the 4th of October), everyone decided to write "thank you" cards

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with some of our new drawings and stories. Each class gave a thick manila envelope to the office. Our principal mailed them to him.

A week later, our school received a package.

The package contained seven new "draw-a-story/perform-a-book" editions, and all of our thank-you cards. And… a note.

The Pencilman had died.

❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁❁

My name is Trenton. I am a 4th grader at Mannrasrrapt Elementary School. And even though a strong wind could blow me over, *I have the weight of my words* !

Words live forever.

Sincerely yours, Trenton R.

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❁❁❁❁❁ Part 2 ❁❁❁❁❁

This concludes part one. As you've read the story, you've noticed that there are many important ideas that haven't been fully explained. That's because it is the job of the readers to look into themselves and imagine what could be developed. Then... write them down. Some of the questions that follow may help.

You may think of some important plot-ideas (or questions) that aren't here. Those are probably the most important "products" of this whole story-workbook!

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Some possible places to "fill in":

1. What did Trenton look like? Did he have friends?
2. What were some more of Trenton's favorite words?
3. Describe the "world" of the mirror that reflected Lipton to himself. What did he really see?
4. What was the story that Lipton told when he "performed".
5. Can the "tidal wave" be explained some more?
6. What was the full story of the sad dog, do you think?
7. Describe what Lipton looked like.
8. What other characters would you add? Teachers...kids?
9. Think about developing a "sub-plot". Should the story be any Longer? Should it be shorter. How did the dog connect?

Lines for you to put down some notes to yourself:

On the pages (blank) that follow put the story-area you're developing on the "title" line, and your ideas on the lines that follow. Add paper if you need it. Then insert your work into the story. Take your time.

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Title (place to insert in the story) _____

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❁❁❁❁❁ Part 3 ❁❁❁❁❁

This is the end of part two. Parts two and three could be interchanged, giving the benefit of having part three's ideas to support the work in two. Well, choices must be made!

There is no contents table for part three. Your interests would be best served by scanning it over. This is a review; in the actual handbook used in seminars, you may choose the extent of full texts of the enclosed samples.

The last page will give an outline of the work shop (seminar). The tools of this program are "hands-on" (with pencils & paper).

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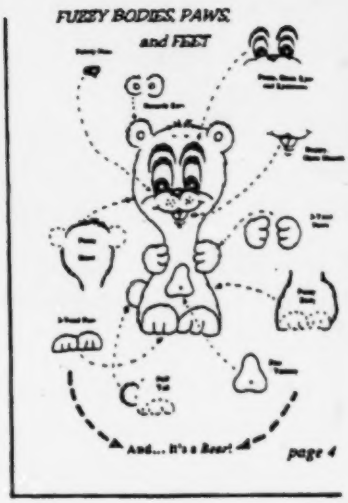
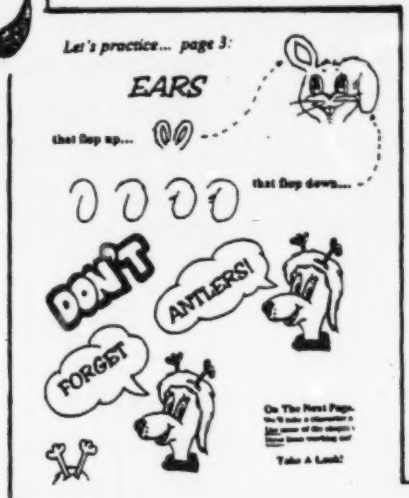
Some Drawing Ideas

This is called "drawing with drips" because the underlying shape is just like a drop.





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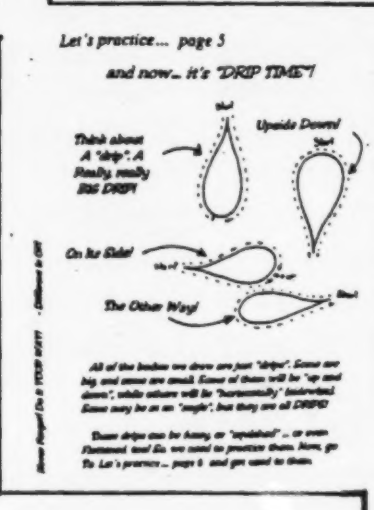
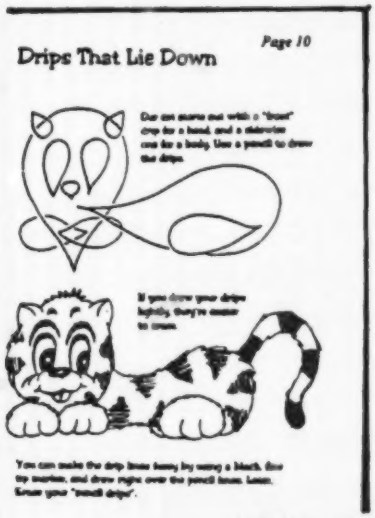
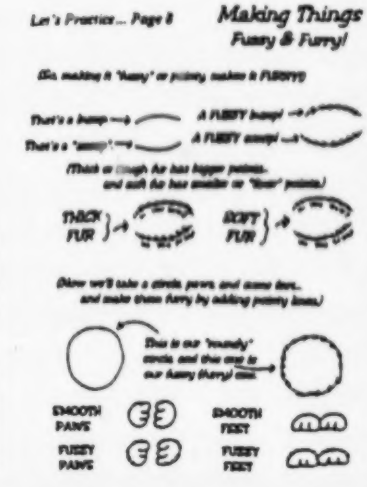
This book shows you how to build a character with drips, then make them "fuzzy" to look like they're "furry".



Just like the alphabet is used to build words, we can use certain shapes to build our "characters".





Looking at objects as if they are made of drips is exciting.

Look how easily the cat at the left is a series of different drips all connected together!

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Writing Ideas Using Poetry Combined With Prose

This is the story of "The Owl and The Tree". The fate of the tree (hit by lightning) is joined by a baby owl unable to fly.

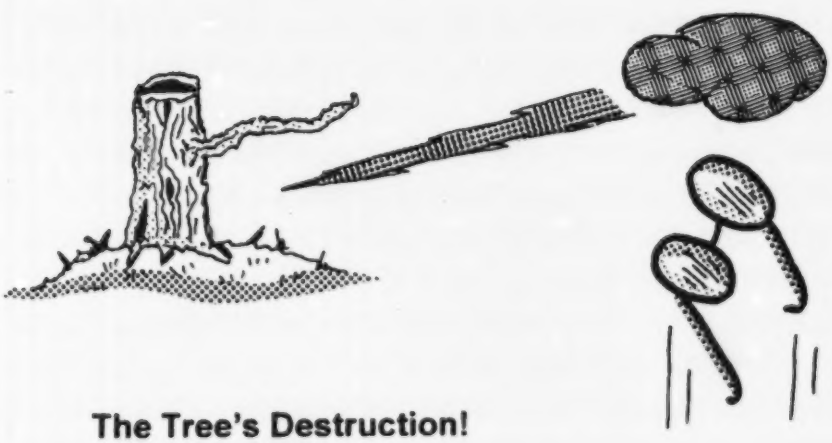
An argument between a cloud and a lightning bolt plus the antics of a shifty crow, brings everyone together, into a very happy ending!

Tree's Night Song

"Branches mine, and leaves so faithful,
shelter these... my friends so playful,
Stars above With your light,
Keep your watch Throughout this night,
And may our home Never cease,
As tonight, we sleep In peace."

Owl's Lament

"The blowing wind is a beautiful harp,
that calls to me 'come fly away'.
but all I'm able to barely say
Is.. "I can't, I'm afraid'!
Oh what will become,
Of an owl like me..
one who is flightless,
because he cannot see.!"



The Tree's Destruction!

"Branches mine, you are gone forever,
leaves of green, now all severed,
.... All my beauty, now destroyed,
someone with my world has *toyed!*
What Have I done, for this to be?"

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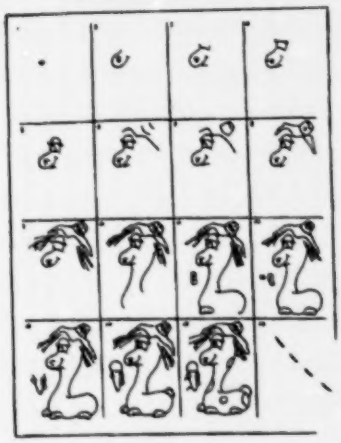
Characters to...

COLOR & DRAW & WRITE *...about*

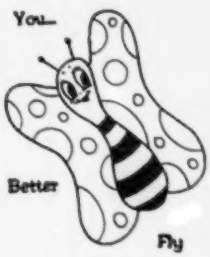


Here Are Some Drawing, Writing, And Performing Ideas

Dinosaur Fun

This book contains drawing steps, and a page to write you own story. There are more characters than shown.

The titles for each character may help give you story-ideas. Coloring and "steps" pages come on 8½ x 11.



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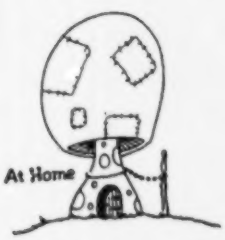
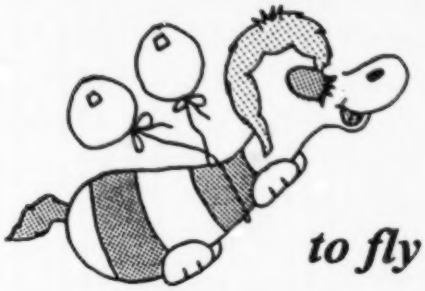
Getting a Bumpy Ride

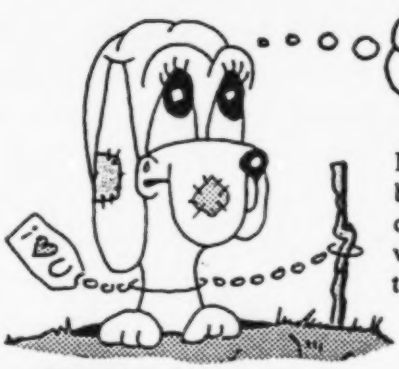


Here Are Some Other DRAW-A-STORY/Perform-a-Book Selections To Look Over



to fly alone...

A "fuzzy" asks the **Great** and **Magical Loon** for a ride, so that he can view his world a different way. many **wonderful facts** about the loon surface, and the loon considers his unusual request.



... going alone...

From Down in the bottom of the sea, comes a little dog, whose determination brings him to the outside world... and Nature's fury!

The Mole and the Pumpkin

Aunt Harriet worried every day about the birds and her garden!

If only there was some way to protect them. On a hill above her farmhouse lay a lonely pumpkin... and in the ground, Martin Mole was happily digging, and in for a great SURPRISE!

The Molekin

My (very own) Hands On Dog

A small child sat by a Window, and wishing... for some company. Through the open window and flapping curtains came a magical dog who teaches the child the joy of drawing.

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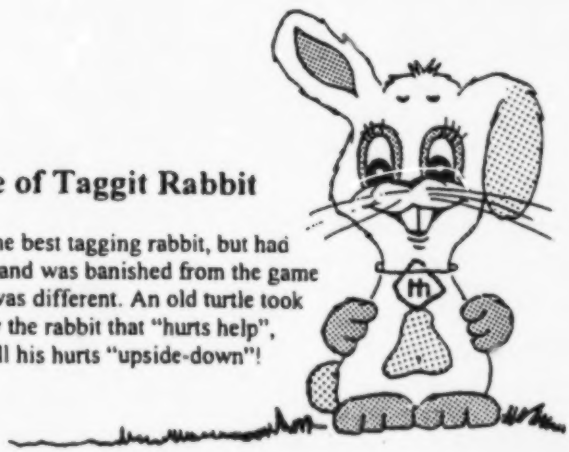
... finding myself...

In search of himself, this small creature asks of everyone he meets, "What am I?" To be brave, and see himself as he really is answers his quest. And he meets a wonderful friend!

The Tale of Taggit Rabbit

"Tag" was the best tagging rabbit, but had an accident, and was banished from the game because he was different. An old turtle took time to show the rabbit that "hurts help", and turned all his hurts "upside-down"!



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THE CAST LIST

(1) Spaces are provided here for you to list "who will do what" in the show. Try to pick voices that match what the character (or shape) says. One person could do many voices. And don't be afraid to add parts- anything goes!

The Play Outline

(2) This gives the "director" an overview of what needs to Go along with the play. And this is a "play"! The stage is the easel the one who draws, uses; the actors are all of the voices who speak. Here are ideas for the sound FX; these are special feeling you'll get by adding the pattering of rain, the whooshing of wind, and the rumble of thunder. Remember... all of these "sound effects" can be made by the voices of **THE CAST**. And it is a lot of fun.

BOOKMARKS (3)

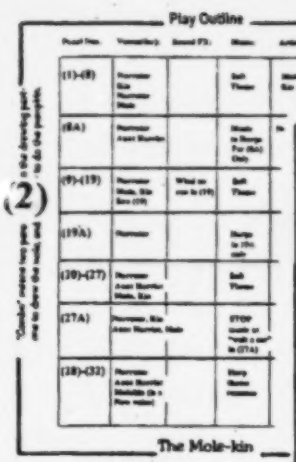
Various scenes and characters are all ready to cut out and use for other books you'r reading. They make great decorations to glue onto a Note Book cover, or a special story page you've made.

Page Formation

Carefully selected steps follow a logical progression of carefully researched "steps". Each step "panel" is accompanied by a story segment. Sometimes, the shape is related to the story- an idea you might use when you "perform" the book yourself- with either the book's story, or your own!

MY STORY (5)

Write your very own story, and what a great opportunity to work in what you're studying in History, Geography, and Vocabulary.



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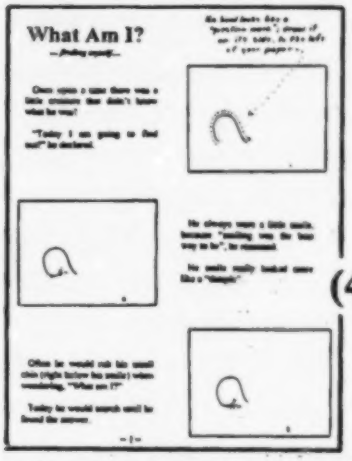

(4)

Some pages expand the story while adding artistic ideas.

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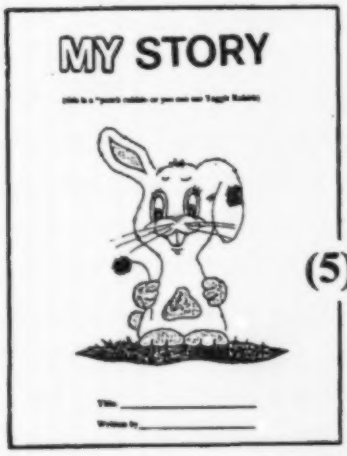
WHAT EACH BOOK CONTAINS



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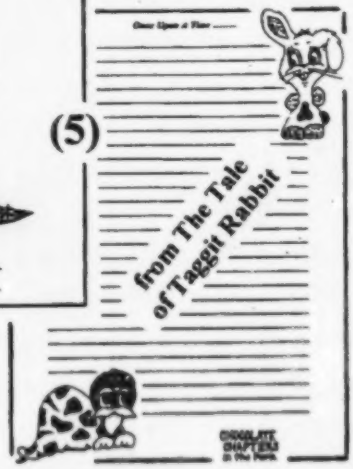

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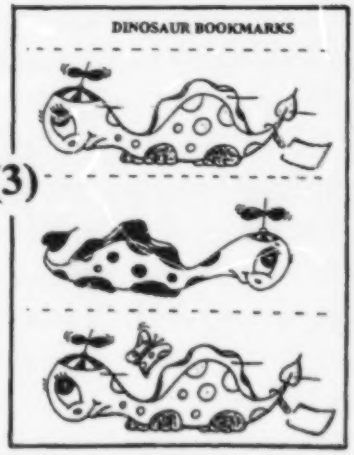
Making Magical Lines With

Books That Stress **INTERPRETAION** *AND NOT Imitation!*



(3)

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Some Writing Ideas That Come From Pictures

COLOR & WRITE

All Pages Are 8.5x11

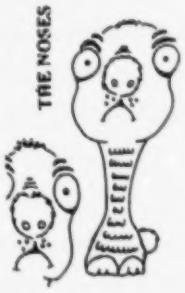
What comes first- the story or the picture? Well, maybe it doesn't matter. Here are some characters that may give you some story ideas: you could combine some. Coloring may give you even more story ideas!

THE FAMOUS BIRD DOG

LOOKING FORWARD

BACKWARD

A Page to Color



LOOKING FORWARD

BACKWARD

This is my Story:

A Page to Write

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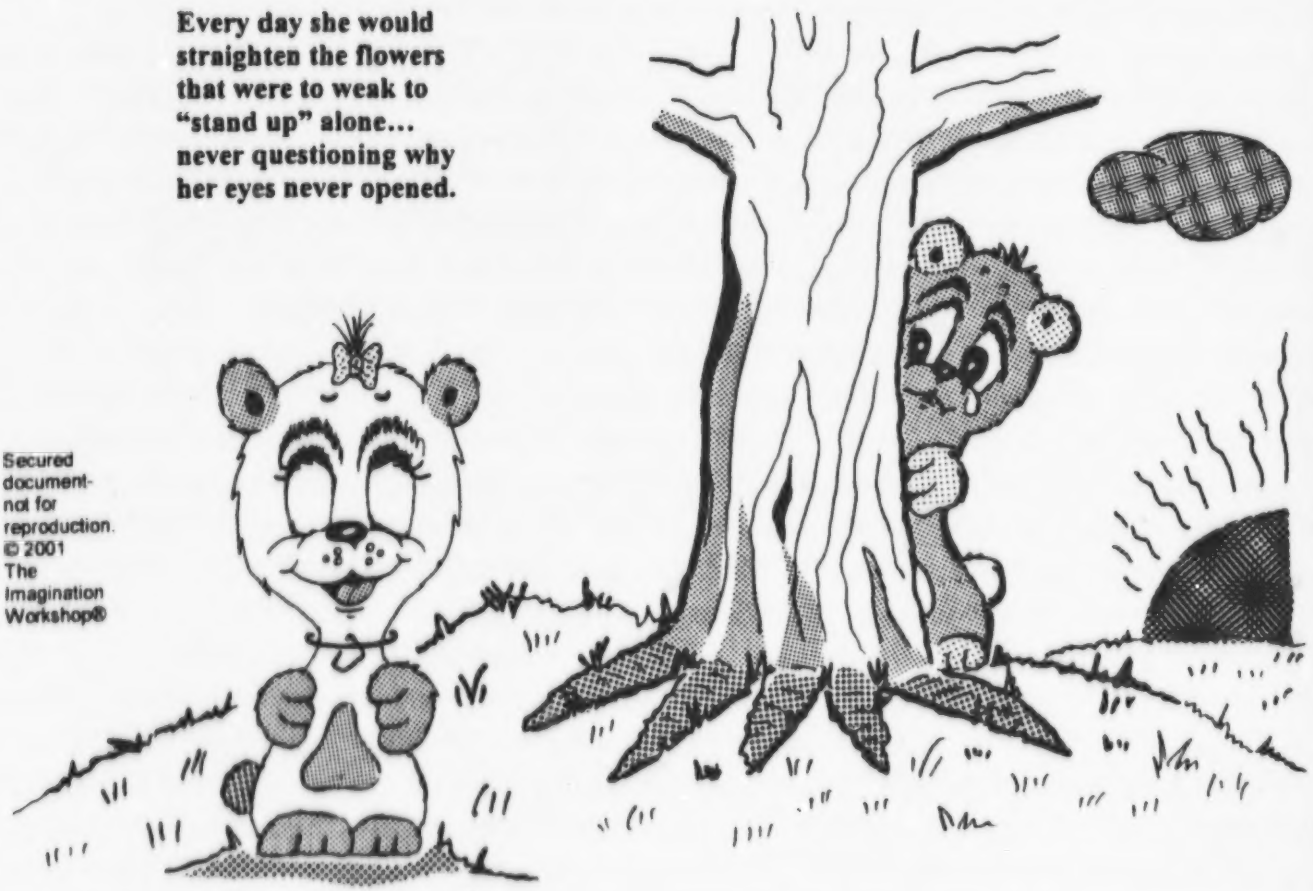
Some Ideas For The Performing Arts Using Drawing, Music, and Story-Telling With...

A Tale of Two Bears

When performing a "show", you can have a lot of fun improvising! Just make up lines as the story is drawn and narrated,

And another little bear could be heard singing... *"All day long, and all night two,*
wishing... wondering what to do,
to chase away, these **baby bear blues!"**

Every day she would straighten the flowers that were to weak to "stand up" alone... never questioning why her eyes never opened.



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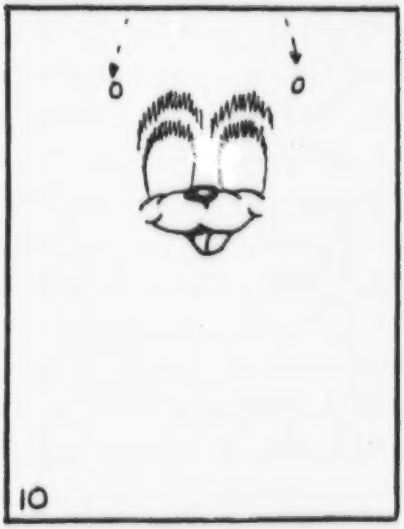
On the following page is a sample from this performing arts workbook- a pattern common to all of the drawing/story books.

A Sample Page From

A Tale of Two Bears



Meanwhile, back in the log, the bear's internal time clock had gone off completely!

His two, round ears perked up- well, at least the insides did. They were small and round.

And a bit dusty!

You see, baby bears are not known for keeping their ears too clean, so they were very dark inside. Especially after a night's sleep in a leafy log!

But when straightening the flowers, the bear's paws collected some of the moisture, and later used these "washcloths" to do the ears!

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The ears of this bear were the most important guide it had. They were round and fluffy, and served as scoops to pick up the sounds of the flowers, meadow, and forest.

When performing in "teams", each "cast member" has a copy of this.

Conclusion & Sample Schedule

Thank you for reviewing this work. Below is a sample schedule for a seminar. Please try to put your focus on the book (ONCE UPON...), because that is the starting point. The rest is optional. Thank you!

– Ironfield

Presentation Schedule:

A demonstration of one of the stories (a draw-along),
Time out for the audience to read the story,
Explanation of Part 2, sampling of audience input,
Display of all full texts outlined in Part 3,
Demonstration of classroom implementation.

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The Imagination Workshop®

offers
Once Upon A Bully,
An Interactive Program

to address
The Challenge

of
Bullying

A Class Discussion Story and Workbook for Teachers and Students (children may use these tools independently or as a group project)

from John Albert Ironfield
The Imagination Workshop®
Post Office Box 11581
Minneapolis, MN 55411
763-442-9349

A Strategy

that *Integrates*
Language Arts

into
The Visual & Performing

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Once Upon A Bully

The goal of this experience is to unleash self-expression in a user friendly environment of reading, writing, drawing, and (ultimately) performing- all based on *interpretation*, not imitation (or copying).

Crucial questions and plot development are deliberately omitted so that the reader may inject their own personal interpretation, effectively re-writing the story in their own "light".

And then, there's drawing and performing. After the story *"Once Upon A Bully"* and a series of questions to spur on the "re-writing", you'll come across several tool outlines, which are:

a) *"The Drawing 'Alfabet'"* (drawing ideas with "drips"),
b) *"An Owl and A Tree"* (writing thoughts w/poetry),
c) *"Color & Draw & Write"* (drawing steps/story pages),
d) "Draw-A-Story/ Perform-a-Book" (six selections),
e) What Each Book Contains (complete content outline),
f) *"Color & Write"* (unusual characters with titles offered),
g) *"A Tale of Two Bears"* (one of the *Draw-A-Storys*),
h) A Sample Page (from *A Tale of Two Bears*),

So now, please review these contents when you can. A half/ full day teacher workshop encompasses the full story, demonstrations Of all the tools mentioned above and options to purchase any or all, classroom adaptation & implementation, and (perhaps the best) An opportunity for anyone to "do a show".

Costs vary according to length, travel , and volume. Please give us an opportunity to review your interests. *–thank you!*

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Once Upon A Bully (outline)

"Let me introduce myself; my name is Trenton and I am a 4th grade student at Mannrasrrapt Elementary School. My height is about 4 feet (barefoot). My weight is a little under 81 pounds. On windy days I could get blown away."

So begins the story, told through the eyes of a weaker child. Although small, Trenton has a passion for words and the visions he gets from them... his "mind pictures". We look at language through the eyes of this child, feeling his world of symbols (as he calls them) and the rich soil of his mind they grow in.

And there's "Lipton". A 6th grade, 150 pound mini-giant who revels in terrorizing the world. He's strong, mean, and very smart. The day Trenton gets "marked" there's to be a school-wide assembly in the gym for **Young Author's Day**.

The speaker will be The Pencilman. His program is to have the entire audience drawing along to music and story-telling.

Normally Trenton is insulated from Lipton by the 5th grade when sitting "Indian style" on the gym floor; but today the 5th grade was late, and Trenton is right beside "you know who". Lipton's "owly" stare confirms Trenton's fear... it's *his turn*.

Events place Lipton and Trenton together up in front of everyone to prepare the show, distracting their confrontation. The first "segment" from The Pencilman is a story and drawing that rips into hearts of everyone. Trenton and Lipton look at one another, seeing *reflections* they'd never experienced before. Lipton is especially changed. And Trenton says, "I realized I had been 'pardoned'. In fact the whole school had been pardoned. Then I realized the whole world had been pardoned."

And Things Changed!

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Some Unanswered Questions:

Now begins the class discussion (or independent study). The most strategic elements of plot and person have been purposely omitted. The story may be expanded by incorporating currently studied areas of vocabulary, history, and geography. And of course, the reader's feelings.

Here are some possibilities...

What was the story Lipton told when he performed for his class? (when "things changed" at the school, kids began to "perform")

Describe what Trenton Looked Like. What did Lipton look like?

When Lipton and Trenton's eyes locked after that first story, what did Lipton see in Trenton?

What was the "tidal wave"? (a feeling that overcame the audience)

Think of characters you would add to the story.

What are some good "sub-plots"? Should the story be longer?

Did Trenton have any special friends? Describe them.

Without reading the full story (just the outline), understanding these or other questions is difficult. A complete story/seminar outline is available. Next up.... tools to help.

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Tools To Help

In the story, all of the children want to thank The Pencilman for his help, so they all make their own drawings and stories. Here Is Trenton's 3rd epilogue to his story:

I like the word "epilogue" or "after write". There are two reasons- first is because it gives me a chance to add on some ideas, and the second is because of the way it sounds (like a small flipper-like animal swimming in a quiet pond. That's why I use them; this is my last one.

Three months after The Pencilman came to our school (he came on the 4th of October), everyone decided to write "thank you" cards with some of our new drawings and stories. Each class gave a thick manila envelope to the office. Our principal mailed them.

A week later our school received a package. It contained seven "draw-a-story/perform-a-book" editions, and all of our thank-you cards. And a note.

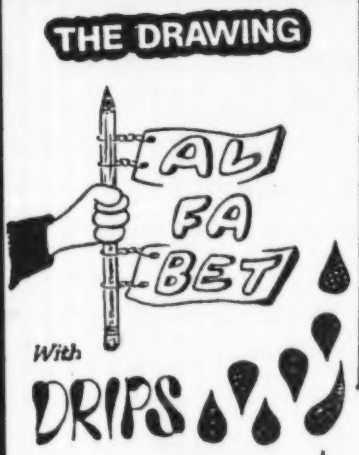
The Pencilman had died.

My name is Trenton, I am a 4th grader at Mannrasrrapt Elementary school. And even though a strong wind could blow me away, I have the weight of my words. ***Words live forever***

Sincerely yours,

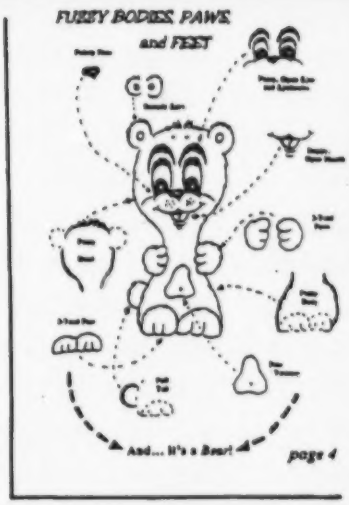
Trenton R.

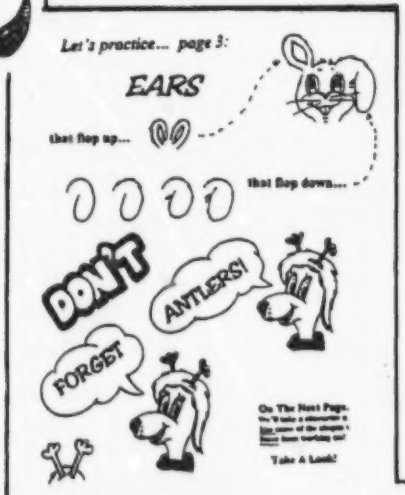
The Pencilman is gone, but these "tools to help" are his legacy!



Some Drawing Ideas

This is called "drawing with drips" because the underlying shape is just like a drop.





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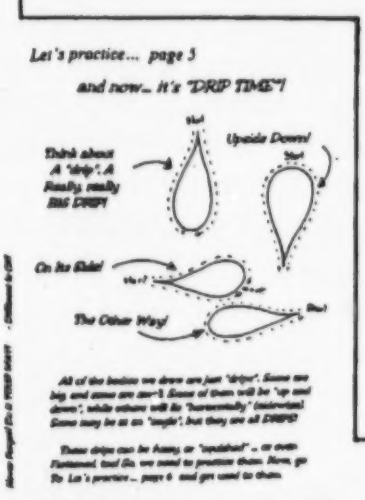
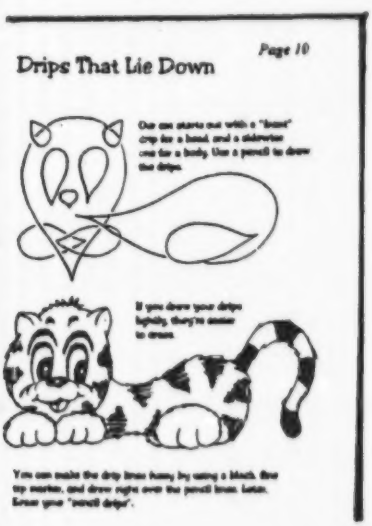
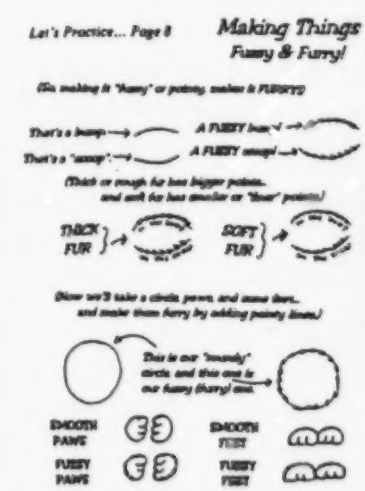
This book shows you how to build a character with drips, then make them "fuzzy" to look like they're "furry".



Just like the alphabet is used to build words, we can use certain shapes to build our "characters".





Looking at objects as if they are made of drips is exciting.

Look how easily the cat at the left is a series of different drips all connected together!

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Writing Ideas Using Poetry Combined With Prose

This is the story of "The Owl and The Tree". The fate of the tree (hit by lightning) is joined by a baby owl unable to fly.

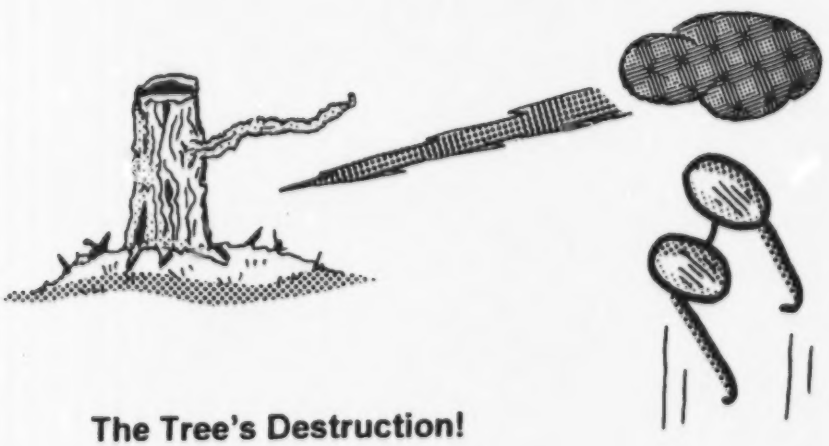
An argument between a cloud and a lightning bolt plus the antics of a shifty crow, brings everyone together, into a very happy ending!

Tree's Night Song

"Branches mine, and leaves so faithful,
shelter these... my friends so playful,
Stars above With your light,
Keep your watch Throughout this night,
And may our home Never cease,
As tonight, we sleep In peace."

Owl's Lament

"The blowing wind is a beautiful harp,
that calls to me 'come fly away'.
but all I'm able to barely say
Is.. "I can't, I'm afraid'!
Oh what will become,
Of an owl like me..
one who is flightless,
because he cannot see.!"



The Tree's Destruction!

"Branches mine, you are gone forever,
leaves of green, now all severed,
.... All my beauty, now destroyed,
someone with my world has *toyed!*
What Have I done, for this to be?"

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Characters to...

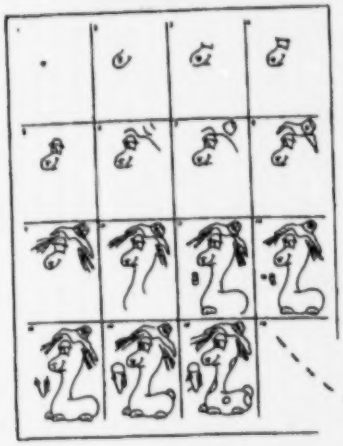
COLOR & DRAW & WRITE *...about*

Here Are Some Drawing, Writing, And Performing Ideas

Dinosaur Fun

This book contains drawing steps, and a page to write you own story. There are more characters than shown.

The titles for each character may help give you story-ideas. Coloring and "steps" pages come on 8½ x 11.



A Treat for Me?

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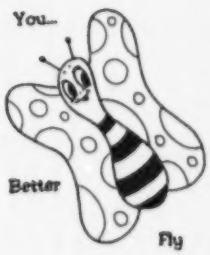
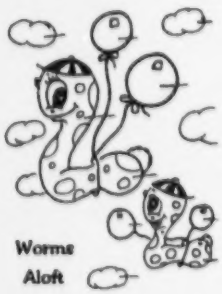
You...



Better Fly

Getting a Bumpy Ride

The Happy "Tugger"

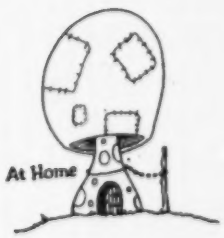


Worms Aloft

All Alone at Night

Left on a CLEARANCE TABLE

Twisty Bird Flyers

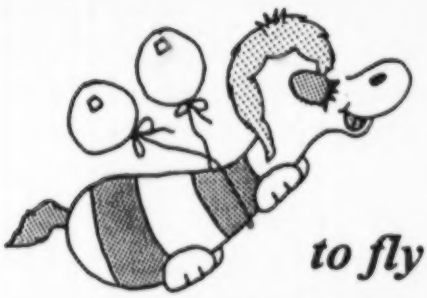


At Home

Wuffo Food

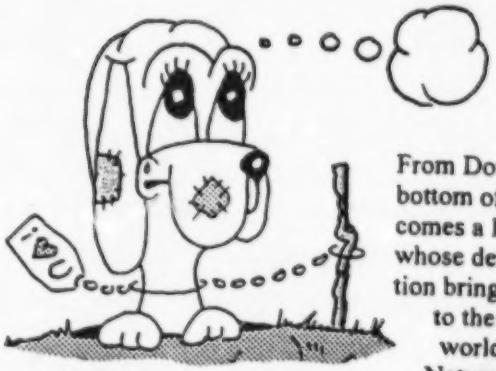
Abandoned

Here Are Some Other DRAW-A-STORY/Perform-a-Book Selections To Look Over



to fly alone...

A "fuzzy" asks the **Great** and **Magical Loon** for a ride, so that he can view his world a different way. many **wonderful facts** about the loon surface, and the loon considers his unusual request.



... going alone...

From Down in the bottom of the sea, comes a little dog, whose determination brings him to the outside world... and Nature's fury!

The Mole and the Pumpkin

Aunt Harriet worried every day about the birds and her garden!

If only there was some way to protect them. On a hill above her farmhouse lay a lonely pumpkin... and in the ground, Martin Mole was happily digging, and in for a great SURPRISE!

The Molekin

My (very own) Hands On Dog

A small child sat by a Window, and wishing... for some company. Through the open window and flapping curtains came a magical dog who teaches the child the joy of drawing.

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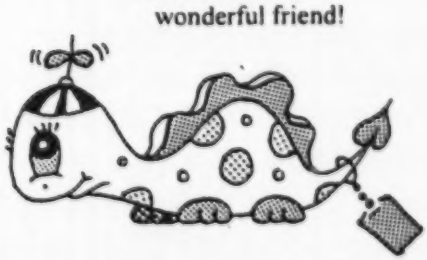
... finding myself...

In search of himself, this small creature asks of everyone he meets, "What am I?" To be brave, and see himself as he really is answers his quest. And he meets a wonderful friend!



The Tale of Taggit Rabbit

"Tag" was the best tagging rabbit, but had an accident, and was banished from the game because he was different. An old turtle took time to show the rabbit that "hurts help", and turned all his hurts "upside-down"!

THE CAST LIST

(1) Spaces are provided here for you to list "who will do what" in the show. Try to pick voices that match what the character (or shape) says. One person could do many voices. And don't be afraid to add parts- anything goes!

The Play Outline

(2) This gives the "director" an overview of what needs to Go along with the play. And this is a "play"! The stage is the easel the one who draws, uses; the actors are all of the voices who speak. Here are ideas for the sound FX; these are special feeling you'll get by adding the pattering of rain, the whooshing of wind, and the rumble of thunder. Remember… all of these "sound effects" can be made by the voices of **THE CAST**. And it is a lot of fun.

BOOKMARKS (3)

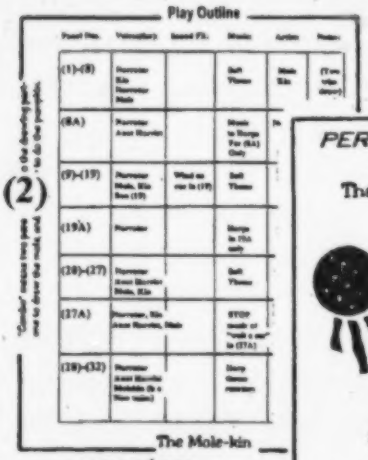
Various scenes and characters are all ready to cut out and use for other books you'r reading. They make great decorations to glue onto a Note Book cover, or a special story page you've made.

Page Formation

Carefully selected steps follow a logical progression of carefully researched "steps". Each step "panel" is accompanied by a story segment. Sometimes, the shape is related to the story- an idea you might use when you "perform" the book yourself- with either the book's story, or your own!

MY STORY (5)

Write your very own story, and what a great opportunity to work in what you're studying in History, Geography, and Vocabulary.



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(2)

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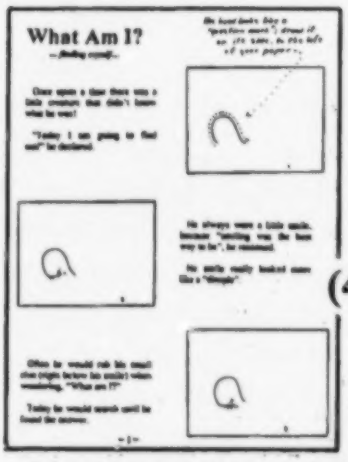

(4)

Some pages expand the story while adding artistic ideas.

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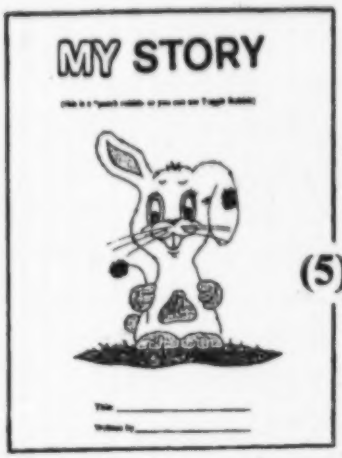
WHAT EACH BOOK CONTAINS



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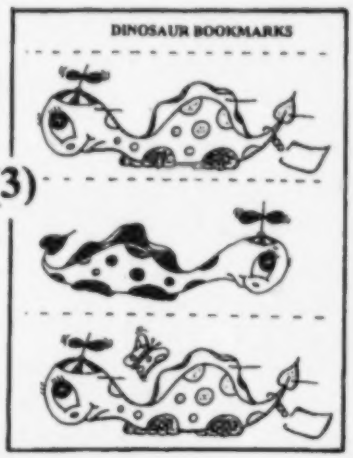
(5)

Making Magical Lines With

Books That Stress **INTERPRETAION** *AND NOT Imitation!*

(3)



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Some Writing Ideas That Come From Pictures

COLOR & WRITE

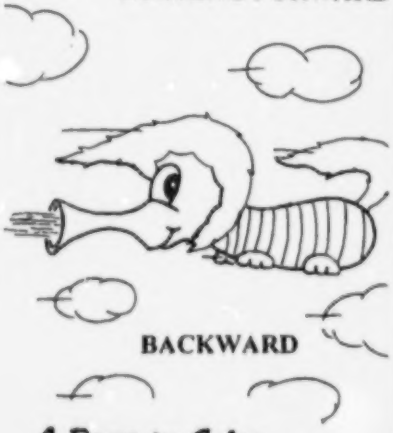
All Pages Are 8.5x11

What comes first- the story or the picture? Well, maybe it doesn't matter. Here are some characters that may give you some story ideas - you could combine some. Coloring may give you even more story ideas!

THE FAMOUS BIRD DOG

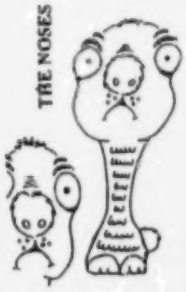
"FOCUSED"

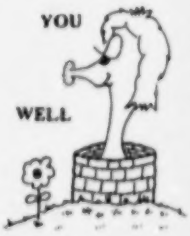
LOOKING FORWARD



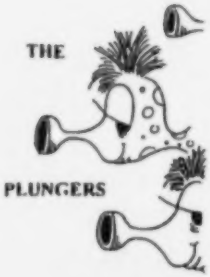
BACKWARD

A Page to Color





THE HEAD BANDER



LOOKING FORWARD

This is my Story:

A Page to Write

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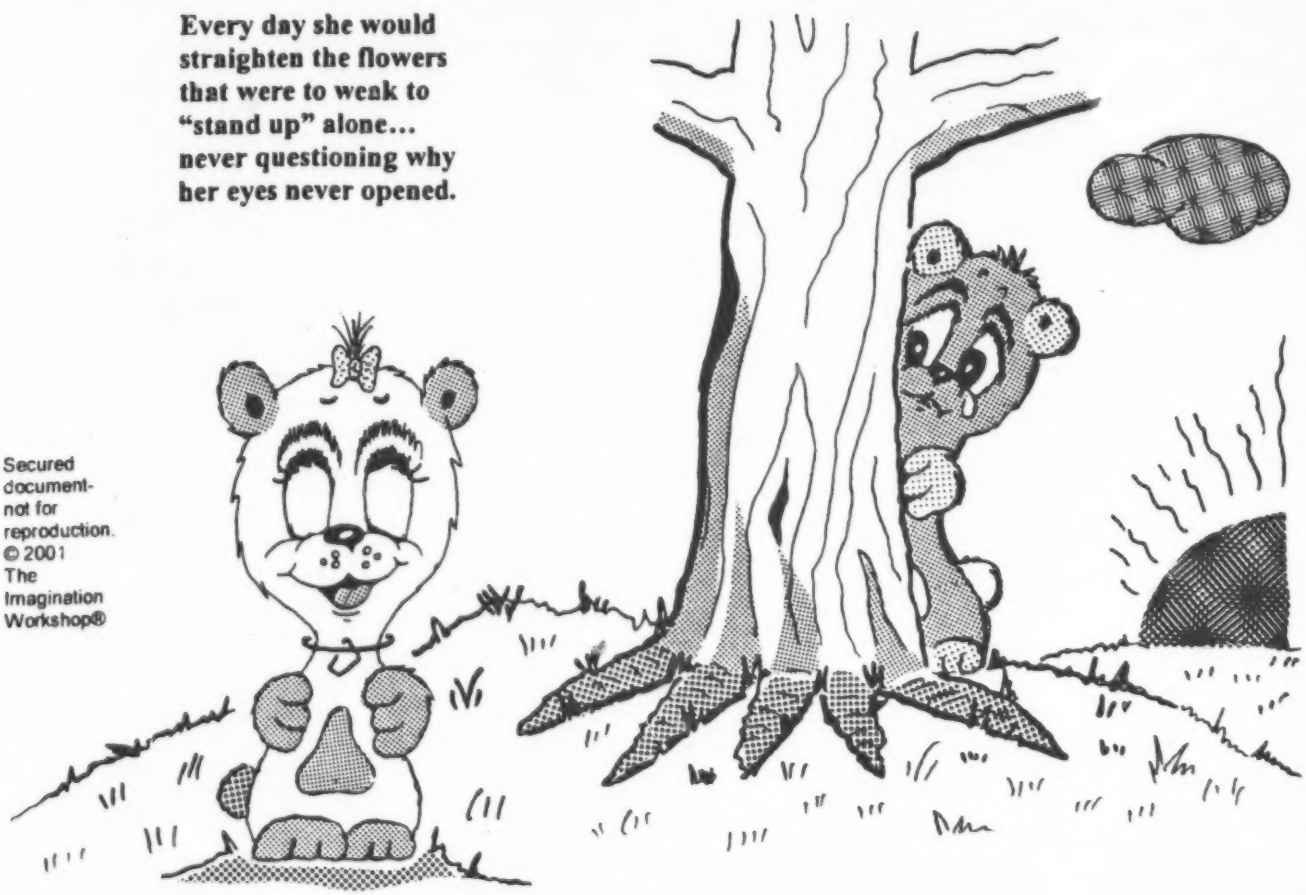
Some Ideas For The Performing Arts Using Drawing, Music, and Story-Telling With...

A Tale of Two Bears

When performing a "show", you can have a lot of fun improvising! Just make up lines as the story is drawn and narrated,

And another little bear could be heard singing... *"All day long, and all night two, wishing... wondering what to do, to chase away, these* **baby bear blues***!"*

Every day she would straighten the flowers that were to weak to "stand up" alone... never questioning why her eyes never opened.



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On the following page is a sample from this performing arts workbook- a pattern common to all of the drawing/story books.

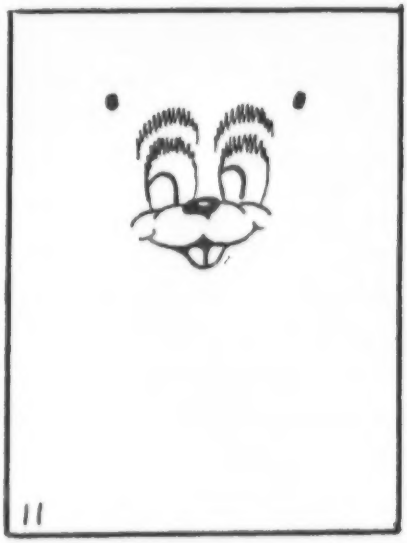
A Sample Page From

A Tale of Two Bears

Meanwhile, back in the log, the bear's internal time clock had gone off completely!

His two, round ears perked up- well, at least the insides did. They were small and round.

And a bit dusty!



You see, baby bears are not known for keeping their ears too clean, so they were very dark inside. Especially after a night's sleep in a leafy log!

But when straightening the flowers, the bear's paws collected some of the moisture, and later used these "washcloths" to do the ears!

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The ears of this bear were the most important guide it had. They were round and fluffy, and served as scoops to pick up the sounds of the flowers, meadow, and forest.

When performing in "teams", each "cast member" has a copy of this.

The Last Word

This entire strategy is "hands-on"; it's a pencil & paper adventure (well, the drawing part is).

And, it's interpretation. When The Pencilman begins his program, he tells everyone, "Yours won't look exactly like mine... they'll be different. And that's good! You're... not copying!"

There are many "Trenton's" whose lives are weighted by their love of language arts. His own personal expression (and eventual sharing of it) gave him what his physical stature lacked.

Thanks for reviewing this endeavor. There are many, many references available. Feel free to ask!

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